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"Independent in all things, Neutral in nothing."

JAMES L. COLLINS, PROPRIETOR.

JOHN T. RUSSELL, EDITOR.

SANTA FE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1861.

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The Battle at Bull Run—Graphic Narrative—
Harbinger of the Rebel—Miscellaneous
Incidents—The Battle as seen by an Eye-
Witness.

Washington, Friday, July 26, 1861.

The minor action of the 18th, though ending in a serious repulse, served to stimulate the ardor of our troops and as evoked, on the following morning, among the swarming battalions that rested in the valley this side of Centerville, I heard but one with expressed, and that with was that we should again and at once move forward, and wipe out the disgrace of that temporary check before the exulting rebels could take heart by their success. It was upon plan, however, that Gen. McDowell, warned by the unexpected evidence of strength which had been developed from the treacherous covert at Bull Run, had determined to remain for a time near Centerville, while he made the minute reconnaissance which was necessary before a general attack. The terms, therefore, were turned from the flying batteries and wagons, and the first army-bodies which were our best camp-followers, were driven in and slaughtered by the wholesale, under the order for the preparation of three days' rations. "Grin-and-gear" war relaxed his wrinkled front, and now instead of peering stealthily and regiments drawn up in line, nothing could be seen through the entire valley but long, low, swarming, surrounding steam kettles, whose odor and whose fumes brought back the picture of the wedding of Canacho. It was in the midst of this vast picnic and those savory steams that the Secretary of War paid a visit to the scene, and imparted, by the mere fact of his presence, an additional assurance that we would not move that day. When he left us in the afternoon, there were some who believed we were on the brink of action, but the majority were of the opinion that the general advance would not be made till daybreak Monday morning. This was the prevailing notion in the California camp (whose headquarters I had adopted, in view of the impending departure of the 71st), and I must confess, it was partly mine. I had, however, at the same time, an idea that we might perhaps wait till Gen. Patterson could descend from Harper's Ferry and co-operate upon our right.

The night wore quietly away, with the exception of a slight alarm at the distant cottage where I slept, and which more than a mile from our lines, I had chosen for the convenience of making up my letters. At two hours past midnight, three or four volleys of musketry from a grove near by startled me awake, and as I rose upon my arm, I could hear the snarl of Germans who were picked beneath the porch cautiously took their mark in expectation of an attack. But the firing soon ceased, and daybreak revealed the fact that it proceeded from newly-arrived regiments which had settled themselves hard by, who had been merely expelling state charges from their pieces in anticipation of important work.

GEN. McDOWELL'S PLAN.

Meanwhile, and all the following day, the ablest engineers of Gen. McDowell's staff had been reconnoitering for miles around, and the fruit of their labors was a report that the enemy's position could not be reached to the left or southward, by reason of the roughness of the roads, that it was not advisable to renew the attack of the 19th on the battery of Bull Run but that the road to the right, through Centerville, was a practicable avenue to another crossing, and which, was unquestioned, and to which artillery could easily be drawn. This was called the Warrenton road, and at some distance down it, it had the further advantage of a path diverging from it to the northward, by which a circuit could be made to the rear of certain heavy batteries, which the course of the main road itself would enable us to strike in front. It was therefore decided by Gen. McDowell to send merely one brigade to Bull Run to hold that battery in check, and to make his grand attack by the Warrenton road, relying upon the column that was to pass off into the northward path to turn the enemy's position and throw it into confusion while assailed by us upon its face. This seemed to be a very proper and consistent plan. Undoubtedly the theory of it was a good plan (as a theory), and it might have been practically successful, had it not fitted the proportions of the enemy. Unfortunately, however, Gen. McDowell had not taken the full measure of his foe, and the circuit he had decided upon, instead of reaching the base of the Rebel's principal position, merely flung against the side of his triangle, where he was most fearful by strength, and where the most desperate valor could but serve to feed his game. The Confederates, as he might have ascertained, numbered with John Johnston and his forces at least 20,000 men; and he now proposed to fling against this compact mass, replying in jingles behind batteries of the heaviest guns, some six or seven brigades, to explore the salubrity of that terrible position, and seek by impetuous alone, to butt a hole through it, and hold on to the lower end.

It must be stated at this time, that while Gen. McDowell was forming his calculations on the basis of his engineers' report, he was aware that Gen. Patterson was not 50 miles to his right, with a Federal army of nearly 30,000 men, who were then employed in watching an equal rebel force under Gen. Johnston, with a view of preventing him from descending to Manassas. He knew, also, that while Johnston, from having a railway track behind him, could reach Manassas with his column in two days, Patterson could not follow over obstructed roads and broken bridges, in less than five. Under these circumstances, it would seem that the commonest military prudence would have suggested that Gen. McDowell should have paused at least to know whether Johnston had abandoned the neighborhood of Winchester, whether or not, it was not absolutely necessary to the safety of the Federal forces, to say nothing of a hope of victory, that he should interpose himself at Centerville, and wait for Patterson's arrival. But it appears that Gen. McDowell considered the prestige of the Federal cause, and his own good luck as equal to all the odds which reason could accumulate, and accordingly he decided to

stake the fortunes of the Republic against the odds in general battle as he stood. A strong evidence of patriotic self-reliance, but not an abundant proof of judgment. The army did not, however, question the determination of their General, but with the wholesome rally of valor, each soldier felt the happiness of expectation, and sought the sounder for the prospects of the morrow.

POSITION OF THE ARMY.

On their part the rebels lay on that brilliant moonlight evening enfolded in vast strength, their position being that of a triangle with the point towards us, and branching upward toward Manassas, with an open base of several miles. The point, or apex of the triangle, about a mile round, was most heavily protected at Bull Run, where the direct road by Manassas crossed the Occoquan. All its branching sides, however, batteries faced outward in deep rows, their ponderous iron treads, concealed by artificial mounds, wherever natural groves did not volunteer a screen. A stronger field position could hardly be imagined. Estimated as it was by 10,000 men, to be increased to 110,000 in the morning, it would scarcely suffer in comparison of strength with Solferino or Sevastopol; and I doubt if there is any French or Russian engineer who would have undertaken to assault it, except by regular approaches, and several respectful days of distant compliment with heavy shot and shell. Brigadier-General Irvin McDowell, however, with a few 32-pounders and 10 field batteries (nearly all of them light), backed by some five or six brigades, whom, mentally, he gave the credit of believing to be equal to its capture. Had our poor fellows known the depth of the compliment thus lavished on their prowess, I doubt if they would have been so joyful for the fray on the lonely Sunday morning now so near upon us. What rebelled things even still more desperate, could we but have known their state, the enemy were thoroughly acquainted with our strength and our intentions, and waited our coming with the greatest eagerness. Their anxiety, however, was deeply mixed with dread that our General might change his mind. With them, therefore, the very of this battle was a night of true hopefulness and intelligent reliance; and well might the rebel chiefs, when they looked proudly over the vast host, which an impetuous and desperate energy had gathered together, flatter themselves that they now had the fortunes of the Great Republic, which they had so long contemplated and plundered, securely in their grasp. In this belief, Davis and his lieutenants early went to sleep, while our battalions, half rested, rose a little after midnight, to be worried by several hours of hot march before entering upon the more arduous labors of the attack.

The order for an early movement in the morning was promulgated in our camp at 10 o'clock on Saturday night, and we now have reason to believe that the order of march and battle, thus distributed among our militia Major-Generals, was in possession of the Confederate leaders before our troops had risen for the conflict. From the hour of midnight, our sentinels could hear the oft-repeated distant rattle, while at the junction, signaling the arrival of the last remnants of Johnston, or of fresh troops coming up from Richmond.

As the time of our start was fixed at 2:30 a.m., the entire army was awake an hour before, and in marching order at the indicated moment. It was bright moonlight, yet through the brilliant sheen some of the sterner stars looked eerily down, as if they shared with us our wonder at the spectacle. From the hill of Centerville, backward toward Fairfax, the whole valley, so lately untroubled in its verdure, was sparkling with a frost of steel, and as the thirty thousand bayonets moved forward in the moonlight light, with that billowy motion peculiar to the step of troops, the shining mass looked like a heaving monster lifting himself by a slow, wavy motion up the laborious ascent. To the left and forward through the village in the direction of the Run, the ground descended three or four miles toward the Occoquan, and then rose in a gradual ascent to Manassas. It was a scene of mingled grove and opening, and the moonlight slept as peacefully upon the jungle of that rise, as if Treason, armed in triple strength, were not slily watching from his lair our impetuous advance, ready to dash forth upon us its deadly and malignant fires.

PLAN OF THE ATTACK.

The plan of General McDowell was, as I have already indicated, to advance upon the enemy in two directions, launching his main and central column along the Warrenton road in a direct line, until he reached their batteries, while a strong column by a circuit to the right, was to assault them in the rear. The road to Bull Run on the left, and the hostile batteries at its end, were to be merely watched throughout the day, so that the enemy could not learn from that quarter and turn our left. Col. Richardson, with the 1st Massachusetts, 3d and 34th Michigan, and New York Volunteer 12th, and U. S. Artillery, was charged with this duty; while to support him, in case he should be seriously attacked, General Miles, with nine regiments, was posted in reserve, but far enough back toward Centerville to give aid as necessary to the main column in case it should meet with a reverse. Those nine regiments consisted of the 8th, 17th, 18th, 29th, 31st, and 32d N. Y.; the Garibaldi Guard, and the 8th New York German Rifles. It was further supported by Green's and Berry's United States Batteries. The left being thus guarded, General McDowell posted the New Jersey regiments, seven in number in reserve at Centerville, and even still further back, so the rear should also have a proper protection on the right and guard alike against any flank movement in that quarter. The rear being thus defended, on all sides, the central column which poured on, and which was to divide at the path to the right, on the Warrenton road, consisted of the divisions of Generals Tyler, Hunter, and Heintzelman; the first being appropriated to the central and direct attack, and the two latter to the flank movement on the right.

THE CENTRAL ATTACKING COLUMN.

The division of Tyler consisted of three brigades; and those of Heintzelman and Hunter contained three and two respectively. The first brigade of Tyler consisted of the 2d New York and 1st and 2d of Ohio, under Gen. Schenck accompanied by a battery of light artillery; then followed the brigade of Sherman, consisting of New York, 69th, 78th, 12th and 2d Wisconsin, accompanied by Ayer's Battery; while the brigade of Keyes, comprising the 1st, 2d, and 3d Connecticut, and 3d Maine, formed a rear guard for the division. This latter brigade was accompanied by Tompkins's United States Battery and by the New York Volunteer Battery of Varian. The division was further accompanied by a rifled 32-pounder, which was known as the Parrot gun.

THE FLANKING DIVISION.

The flanking division of Hunter and Heintzel-

man consisted of the 8th, 14th, and 27th New York, under Gen. Porter, accompanied by companies of United States Infantry, and cavalry, and marines. Hancock's United States, and Griffin's West Point Batteries. Then came Barnside's Brigade of the Rhode Island Regiments, the New York 71st, and the 2d New Hampshire, accompanied by Reynolds's and Webb's Batteries, and Vermont. The entire force numbered 22,000 men, and consisted of the 1st, Michigan, the 11th New York, and the Fire Zouaves, backed by a battery of United States Artillery. The last brigade contained the 4, 4th and 5th of Maine, and the Vermont. The 4th and 5th of Maine, and the Vermont, were the only regiments that were not in the flanking column, but they were at the central line may be numbered at between 8,000 and 9,000. The entire attacking force, therefore, may be estimated at 22,000 men, all of whom could hardly expect to be engaged.

This was the army which passed out of the valley up over that hill at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 21st, and which, with the moon still lighting their path, took the right-hand road toward the stronghold of the enemy. It was a brave sight, not soon to be forgotten, by those who witnessed it, while the thoughts which it inspired were to become themselves an established portion of the mind. The requirements of the reverse, as they stood looking on at the passing line, carried their marching comrades what they regarded as a better fortune; and as they went by, saluted them with various requests, ranging between the acquisition of some traitor's scalp, down to the possession of a palmetto button. The marching line, repelled with various requests, but in most cases, the requests were responded to with a large excess of promise. It was, indeed, a gallant sight, how audacious to change in a few hours some of them, for instance, knew, by 3:12 o'clock, the last lay-out, and disappeared over the hill, and the entire column was on its way by the unenviable Warren point turnpike to seek its fortune. The halts were numerous, in order that the Generals might insure the compactness of the line, and presently we all passed across a wooden bridge in quiet, no challenges being made that might prevent us from reaching the expected engagement where the foe desired to give us more bitter battle. Onward we went, the soldiers cursing the rough road, wondering when they would have breakfast, or, in some cases, even on the fellow who had put them to all this trouble. The day broke mildly as we pushed along, and many a soldier thought from the dead silence of the woods that lined the road at intervals, we should have no battle after all. Presently we struck the path that branched off to the right, and here the column, under Hunter's lead, broke off, while the central column, with McDowell at its head went directly on.

THE MAIN ATTACK.

As the circuit of the flanking column was to be a wide one, and as it could not reach its destined point and come into action with effect in less than two or three hours, our first attention must be given to the main column, accompanied by the Commander-in-Chief. It was broad day when we parted with the flanking column, and we proceeded along with an easy step, with our skirmishers well in advance, and watched on the look-out. No traces of the enemy appeared, however, and the extraordinary quiet of the scene, coupled with the fact that our entire column had been allowed to cross the wooden bridge unmolested, induced many to believe that the enemy, consulting prudence, would yield the defense of the Run, and give us battle only at Manassas. But this idea was formed in perfect ignorance of the extent of the Confederate defenses, for we were already within range of some of their batteries, and at the close of the day they landed their shell upon the bridge with murderous effect. In short, their whole strategy was a decoy, and their hasty retirement from Fairfax and pretended abandonment of camp furniture, as well as the shallow obstruction of our advance by leveled trees, were merely portions of a well-contrived plan to coax our army, step by step, into their gigantic trap. Of all this, however, our whole contingent, Manassas, and three miles of densely settled batteries, was the last with which the Federal Army had any business; yet there we were, going "blind," with the vain confidence of fools, or perfectly good terms with ourselves, and smiling in advance the profound military leader, who was thus giving us a relief from the already hot and dusty path. After we emerged from this pleasing shelter, the column proceeded along to the distance of a mile, a quarter of a mile, descending all the while toward a ravine which harbored a single stream crossed by a stone bridge. From that point the enemy's defenses rose, and thickening at every interval, and surrounding by powerful batteries where the line met the horizon, and I may pause here to say—with powerful batteries packed and extending behind that line for miles along. Suddenly an exclamation of "There they are!" from a member of Gen. Tyler's staff brought our column to a stand. Every field officer at once brought his glass to bear, and the consciousness that we were surely to have a fight ran in and electric vision along the entire column. There indeed they were, the Rebels, down by a meadow, still a distance off, and not boldly perceptible, because of the dark background of the woods. It was a body of infantry drawn up in line of battle its full strength concealed from being extended partly in the forest. It was now necessary that we also should take battle order; so we deployed into the adjoining fields, Gen. Schenck's brigade, consisting of the 2d New York and 1st and 2d Ohio Regiments, being extended to the left, and Sherman's brigade, composed of the New York 69th, 78th, 12th, and 2d Wisconsin, stretching on the right. The large rifled 32-pounder was then brought forward through the center, and put into position in the middle of the road. The enemy evidently saw this movement with their glasses, for they suddenly fell back, whereupon the big gun, giving out its thunder, flung a shell toward the spot of their retirement.

The pass was short, however, and after plowing its roaring progress just over the proper spot it burst harmlessly in air. But the echoes of that cannon charge announced to us a hundred and fifty thousand armed men that the battle had begun. The silence that followed was profound, but it was broken by no answer from the enemy; not after a pause of several minutes, our iron monster spoke again, this time leveling itself at a battery higher on the hill, and dropping its complacent as we were afterwards informed, of half a dozen men. The enemy, nevertheless, did not seem to think the guns quite male, and though he was near enough, as a subsequently proved, to reach us from two or three positions on our right and left, he did not seem to be satisfied unless we sought him deeper in his fastnesses. The big gun, therefore, was answered by light artillery, by closer service, and an order was given for the brigade to stretch forward, to move right and left and reform the advancing ranks. The order was obeyed, but the firing of Keyes, which now occupied the center, but still acting as a reserve, the timber branched away on either side in a sort of crescent toward the batteries of the enemy, on the right hand, however, it pursued the straight line. Both brigades, with skirmishers well out at once proceeded upon their respective tasks. Schenck following a left oblique along the edge of the road, with the 2d New York and the 1st Ohio in the lead; Col. Tompkins and the New York 2d next, with the 3d Ohio, under Col. Harris, in the rear. The brigade proceeded in this way, exhibiting the strictest caution for the distance of about a mile, when they struck a fine water-coupled road to the left, whose clear, broad path seemed to invite their entrance. They turned into it and followed it for some distance, when to their surprise it ended abruptly at a fence, with no evidence of any road beyond. Suddenly the enemy showed himself in two or three places to the left, and shaking his flag at our troops opened a tremendous fire. We were promptly answered by the whole brigade, who endured the storm of balls with the greatest fortitude and returned fire for fire. Several fell at this spot, and among others, the favorite drummer-boy of the 2d. The poor little fellow was struck by a cannon ball which took him just below the scapula and literally cut him in two, his childish shriek of pain mingling with the whistle of the falling shot, and his little life went with it down the wind. The storm from the batteries seemed now to increase rather than to slacken, and unable to endure it in such an exposed position, the brigade fell in good order back upon the road. General Schenck, who exhibited throughout the whole affair the most reckless bravery, now ordered his men to emerge and charge the main battery by a flank movement, but owing to the circumstances of nearly all the officers the desperate project was abandoned. The men, though the out of musketry were not subjected to the constant drop of shell, which seemed to have instinctively found out their best covert; so after consultation, they were drawn off and retired in good order, to their position in the neighborhood of the Parrot gun, moving on their way the hammer of battle on the right, with an occasional heavy report from Richardson on the extreme left to indicate that the enemy had been putting his fingers forward at Bull Run, to try whether a movement to turn our rear was practicable in that quarter.

The Sherman brigade, which had separated from the central column, and went off to the right at the same time that Schenck's brigade set out in the opposite direction, had proceeded but a little way upon their errand before they were saluted by a hail of shot and shell, but receiving it only as a precaution, they overran two or three earthworks, with their heading charges, the Irishmen and Highlanders screaming with excitement all the while, and the stout Wisconsin and brave New York 12th, silently waiting by their sides. But we must now leave them in the midst of this pleasant and congenial work, to follow the fortunes of the flanking column.

While the 71st thus refreshed itself, the 69th, which, with the Scotch Regiment, the Wisconsin men and the New York 12th, had been wading through batteries since their arrival on the field, marched past in splendid order, their banners flying as if upon review, and their faces sternly set on the advance. They passed down the hill obliquely to the right, on their road to support Griffin's battery, which was within two hundred yards of the artillery of the foe. Though silent as they passed, a shout rose in a few seconds afterward from the direction they had taken, which every listener could mark for theirs, and the spirit of one which responded from the rebel battery was soon quelled by the volume of their musketry. Most prominent among them was Magrath, the Irish orator, who frequently during the contests of that turbulent day, waved the green banner of his regiment up and down the hottest line of fire. The Sherman brigade had thus worked its way deep into the enemy's position, no part of it doing better service than the 2d Wisconsin and the stanch 12th. Whoever they, or any of them, had met the foe on foot they had hurled him back, and driven him headlong to his cover with disgrace. Indeed, this superior prowess of the Northern rank and file was the feature of the day, and in no portion of the field, and under no circumstances, could their exposed and unsupported infantry stand for five minutes against the dash and hardihood of ours.

I must now turn back to the general progress of the flanking column, from which the Barnside brigade had been first to curve in to the attack. Porter's brigade, which came immediately in its rear upon the march, passed further on, and levelled itself against the triangle of the enemy, at a higher point. The brigade of Wilcox, composed of the New York—th, Michigan 1st, New York 39th, and the Fire Zouaves, made the widest flanking circuit of them all, and consequently struck the enemy's broadening bank of batteries to the extreme right. The brigades of Franklin and Howard, comprising respectively the Massachusetts 6th and 1st Minnesota, and the 3d, 4th, 5th, Maine, and 2d Vermont, acted for a time as supporting forces, but soon became plunged in with the rest, selecting, each for itself, in the general confusion and want of order, its series of batteries to attack, and its isolated point to endure. Porter's Brigade made its flank attack immediately to the right of the 71st, going into the battle about 11 o'clock, (half an hour later than the Barnside Brigade), and performing its first duty by driving the enemy out of a piece of woods, and passing him, with loss, to a heavy battery which had partly raised the position of the 71st. The 14th particularly distinguished itself in this attack, and received its highest accolade from the rebel prisoners, who amid wherever these fellows in red breeches went, they strewn the earth with dead. In one of their changes their standard-bearer was shot down, and their general loss is heavy. Col. Wood, Maj. Jordan, and Captain Butt, of the Engineers, behaved with especial gallantry; and all

most gallant to us, from our exposed position, and among those of the brigade who fell before it, was Gen. Hunter, sufficiently hurt to require his removal from the field. Barnside lost his horse at the same time; while the charger of Gov. Sprague had his entire head taken off with a shell as his gallant rider was spurring him up and down the field. Captains Hart and Mills of companies A and C of the 71st, were likewise wounded in this fire, while bravely cheering on their men. "Corvulus," the faithful servant who had accompanied Col. Vossburg from New York, and who more lately, adhered to his successor, sank gently down by the side of Col. Martin, and died from a rifle stroke just below the chest. Many others fell under that fearful hail, but the regiment sternly stood its ground—such bold spirits as Captains Coles and Meschutt, Commissary Morrow, and Lieutenants Oakley, Embler, Maynard, Denys, and others, giving cheering shouts—courage to the entire line. While the regiment was thus standing under fire, it came very near being thrown into confusion by the reckless conduct of Griffin's West Point Battery, which, without any sort of notice, tore through its line in the rear at top speed, in order to take up a position in the front, and thus actually cutting it in two. This discourtesy to say the least of it, sprang, doubtless, from the contempt which the regulars are rapidly evincing for the volunteers, and, under ordinary circumstances, would have justified the 71st in firing on them in retaliation. The fire of the enemy came doubly hot just at this moment; the regiment wavered slightly under it, and threatened for an instant to fall back. At this critical moment, an American flag suddenly appeared within the redoubt that had done us our greatest damage, and that still kept up its storm. But, seeing this signal, an order was given to cease firing, as we were shooting our friends. A further order was then made to advance our colors to the front, but, as it seemed to be certain death to stand exposed to the tornado which swept over the brow of the hill the color-bearer naturally hesitated for a moment; whereupon several of Company F sprang quickly forward, with the exclamation: "Give us the colors!" But Capt. Coles, of Company C, was the foremost in the effort, and, seizing the flag, he ran with it full fifty paces to the front, and held it at arm's length high in the air, and then planted it into the earth. Its folds were hailed in the Rebel battery with a demoniac yell, and in the next instant the bright banner was ridiculed with a shower of balls. Providentially, the gallant Captain was unscathed.

Beholding that starry challenge, the Alabama 1st, which had long ago expressed, in print, their desire to meet the New York 71st, recognizing them, tossed the challenge with a shout, and, springing forward, delivered a volley of musketry, strengthened with a dose of grape and canister. Then they charged down the hill upon them with tremendous vigor, intending to take them with the bayonet. But the Alabamians did not like the was-whop nor its progess, so, after a volley and a short pause, they took back to cover, leaving sixty-two of their dead upon the field. We had a chance to count them, for we were afterward lost the brow of that hill till the general conclusion. In turning from the Alabamians one of their wounded drew his pistol, and, steadying it upon his arm, was leveling it toward Lieut. Oakley, when that gallant officer, catching sight of the performance, ran quickly forward, and, with his sword, ran the rebel through. The howlers of the 71st and Rhode Island Battery all the while kept in play, and in ten minutes more the rebel battery breaking off at the completion of a regiment, as we had hoped, but still pouring on, and on till one regiment had lengthened into ten. Even then the stern tide did not pause; for one of its arms turned downward along the far side of the triangle and the source of the flood thus relieved, poured forth again and commenced lining the other in like manner. Still the solemn picture was silenced.

While the 71st thus refreshed itself, the 69th, which, with the Scotch Regiment, the Wisconsin men and the New York 12th, had been wading through batteries since their arrival on the field, marched past in splendid order, their banners flying as if upon review, and their faces sternly set on the advance. They passed down the hill obliquely to the right, on their road to support Griffin's battery, which was within two hundred yards of the artillery of the foe. Though silent as they passed, a shout rose in a few seconds afterward from the direction they had taken, which every listener could mark for theirs, and the spirit of one which responded from the rebel battery was soon quelled by the volume of their musketry. Most prominent among them was Magrath, the Irish orator, who frequently during the contests of that turbulent day, waved the green banner of his regiment up and down the hottest line of fire. The Sherman brigade had thus worked its way deep into the enemy's position, no part of it doing better service than the 2d Wisconsin and the stanch 12th. Whoever they, or any of them, had met the foe on foot they had hurled him back, and driven him headlong to his cover with disgrace. Indeed, this superior prowess of the Northern rank and file was the feature of the day, and in no portion of the field, and under no circumstances, could their exposed and unsupported infantry stand for five minutes against the dash and hardihood of ours.

I must now turn back to the general progress of the flanking column, from which the Barnside brigade had been first to curve in to the attack. Porter's brigade, which came immediately in its rear upon the march, passed further on, and levelled itself against the triangle of the enemy, at a higher point. The brigade of Wilcox, composed of the New York—th, Michigan 1st, New York 39th, and the Fire Zouaves, made the widest flanking circuit of them all, and consequently struck the enemy's broadening bank of batteries to the extreme right. The brigades of Franklin and Howard, comprising respectively the Massachusetts 6th and 1st Minnesota, and the 3d, 4th, 5th, Maine, and 2d Vermont, acted for a time as supporting forces, but soon became plunged in with the rest, selecting, each for itself, in the general confusion and want of order, its series of batteries to attack, and its isolated point to endure. Porter's Brigade made its flank attack immediately to the right of the 71st, going into the battle about 11 o'clock, (half an hour later than the Barnside Brigade), and performing its first duty by driving the enemy out of a piece of woods, and passing him, with loss, to a heavy battery which had partly raised the position of the 71st. The 14th particularly distinguished itself in this attack, and received its highest accolade from the rebel prisoners, who amid wherever these fellows in red breeches went, they strewn the earth with dead. In one of their changes their standard-bearer was shot down, and their general loss is heavy. Col. Wood, Maj. Jordan, and Captain Butt, of the Engineers, behaved with especial gallantry; and all

most gallant to us, from our exposed position, and among those of the brigade who fell before it, was Gen. Hunter, sufficiently hurt to require his removal from the field. Barnside lost his horse at the same time; while the charger of Gov. Sprague had his entire head taken off with a shell as his gallant rider was spurring him up and down the field. Captains Hart and Mills of companies A and C of the 71st, were likewise wounded in this fire, while bravely cheering on their men. "Corvulus," the faithful servant who had accompanied Col. Vossburg from New York, and who more lately, adhered to his successor, sank gently down by the side of Col. Martin, and died from a rifle stroke just below the chest. Many others fell under that fearful hail, but the regiment sternly stood its ground—such bold spirits as Captains Coles and Meschutt, Commissary Morrow, and Lieutenants Oakley, Embler, Maynard, Denys, and others, giving cheering shouts—courage to the entire line. While the regiment was thus standing under fire, it came very near being thrown into confusion by the reckless conduct of Griffin's West Point Battery, which, without any sort of notice, tore through its line in the rear at top speed, in order to take up a position in the front, and thus actually cutting it in two. This discourtesy to say the least of it, sprang, doubtless, from the contempt which the regulars are rapidly evincing for the volunteers, and, under ordinary circumstances, would have justified the 71st in firing on them in retaliation. The fire of the enemy came doubly hot just at this moment; the regiment wavered slightly under it, and threatened for an instant to fall back. At this critical moment, an American flag suddenly appeared within the redoubt that had done us our greatest damage, and that still kept up its storm. But, seeing this signal, an order was given to cease firing, as we were shooting our friends. A further order was then made to advance our colors to the front, but, as it seemed to be certain death to stand exposed to the tornado which swept over the brow of the hill the color-bearer naturally hesitated for a moment; whereupon several of Company F sprang quickly forward, with the exclamation: "Give us the colors!" But Capt. Coles, of Company C, was the foremost in the effort, and, seizing the flag, he ran with it full fifty paces to the front, and held it at arm's length high in the air, and then planted it into the earth. Its folds were hailed in the Rebel battery with a demoniac yell, and in the next instant the bright banner was ridiculed with a shower of balls. Providentially, the gallant Captain was unscathed.

Beholding that starry challenge, the Alabama 1st, which had long ago expressed, in print, their desire to meet the New York 71st, recognizing them, tossed the challenge with a shout, and, springing forward, delivered a volley of musketry, strengthened with a dose of grape and canister. Then they charged down the hill upon them with tremendous vigor, intending to take them with the bayonet. But the Alabamians did not like the was-whop nor its progess, so, after a volley and a short pause, they took back to cover, leaving sixty-two of their dead upon the field. We had a chance to count them, for we were afterward lost the brow of that hill till the general conclusion. In turning from the Alabamians one of their wounded drew his pistol, and, steadying it upon his arm, was leveling it toward Lieut. Oakley, when that gallant officer, catching sight of the performance, ran quickly forward, and, with his sword, ran the rebel through. The howlers of the 71st and Rhode Island Battery all the while kept in play, and in ten minutes more the rebel battery breaking off at the completion of a regiment, as we had hoped, but still pouring on, and on till one regiment had lengthened into ten. Even then the stern tide did not pause; for one of its arms turned downward along the far side of the triangle and the source of the flood thus relieved, poured forth again and commenced lining the other in like manner. Still the solemn picture was silenced.